

*Gal 8. 6.*

# H V M O R S

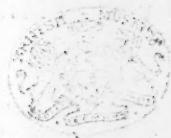
ORDINARIE.

Where a man' may bee verie  
merrie , and exceeding  
well vsed for his  
six-pence.



AT LONDON,

Printed by Edward Alde, for William Firebrand  
and are to bee sold at his Shoppe in the  
Popes head Alley, right ouer a-  
gainst the Tauerne-  
doore. 1607.





## TO THE GENTLE- men Readers.

H  
Vmours, is late crownde king of Canecleres,  
Fantastique-follies, grac'd common fauour:  
Ciuitie, hath served out his yeares,  
And scorneith now to waite on Good-behaviour.  
Gallants, like Richard the Vsurper swagger,  
That bad his hand continuall on his dagger.

Fashions is still confort with new fond shapes,  
And feedeth daly upon strange disgnise:  
We shew our selues the imitating Apes  
Of all the toyes that Strangers heads denise;  
For ther's no habite of hell-hatched sinne,  
That we delight not to be cloathed in.

Some sware, as though they Stars from heauen could  
And all their speach is pointed with the stabbe, (pull  
When all men know it is some coward gull,  
That is but Champion to a Shordischt drabbe.  
Whose feather is his heads lightnes-proclaimer,  
Although he seeme some mightie monster-tamer.





## To the Readers.

Epicurisme, e. res not how he liues,  
But still pursueth brutish Appetite:  
Dissaine, regardes not what abuse he giues,  
Carelesse of wrongs, and unregarding right.  
Selue loue (they say) to selue-conceite is wed,  
By which base match are ugly vices bred.

Pride revels like the roysting Prodigall,  
Stretching his credit that his purse strings cracke,  
Vntill in some distresfull Taile he fall,  
Which wore of late a Lordship on his backe:  
Where he till death must lie in paine for debt,  
" Griefes night is neare, when pleasures fun is set.

Vaunting, hath got a mighty thundring voice,  
Looking that all men shoulde applaude his sound,  
His deedes are singular his wordes be choice,  
On earth his equall is not to be found.  
Thus Vertu's kid, with Follies tugling mist,  
And hees no man that is no Humorist.

Samuell Rowlands.



TO POETS.

**G**ood honest Poets let me craue a boone,  
That you would write, I doe not care how soone,  
Against the bestard humors howerly bred,  
In every mad-brain'd wit-worne goddy head:  
At such grosse foilies doe not sit and winke,  
Belabour these same Gullies with pen and inke:  
Tou see some striue for faire hand-writing fame,  
As Peter Bales his signe can proue the same,  
Gracing his credite with a golden Pen:  
I would haue Poets proue more taller men,  
In perfect Letters restid his contention,  
But yours consistis in Wits choicerare invention.  
Will you stand spending your Inventions treasure,  
To teach Stage Parrets speake for dennie pleasure?  
Whyle you your selues like musick sounding Lutes,  
Fretted and strung againe them clair silkensutes.  
Leaue Cupids cut, Womens face flat'ring praise,  
Loues subiect growes too thredbare nowadayes.  
Change Venus Swanner, to write of Vulcans Geese,  
And you shall merit golden Pennes a pece.

**M**irth pleaseth some, to others i't is offence:  
Some wiſh i' haue follies tolde; some dislike that:  
Some commend plaine conceit, some profound ſenſe:  
And moſt would haue, themſelues they know not what  
Then he that would please all and himſelfe too,  
Takes more in hand then he is like to doo.



## SATIR. OF

Even like the chalking Vintners at the Barre,  
That bids all welcome, what so e're they are:  
So they passe quiet, in, and out a doore,  
And make no swaggering to discharge their score,  
I Satir stand at entrance of this Booke,  
And each kinde guest may for my welcome looke:  
All pleasant humors I invite come here,  
And with these Epigrams make them good cheer:  
Let Melancholie walke most dogged by,  
All sprightly Poets doe the slauie defie,  
To feast with wit he never had good taste,  
I scorne to haue him at our Table plaste.  
Let him goe plod for leases, buy and sell,  
And day by day his baggs of money tell,  
And grudge to give himselfe a pint of Wine,  
Out arrant Asse, he is no guest of mine.  
But all mirths friends, I doe embrace most kinde,  
Better I wish, pthy take such as you finde.





# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. I.

**M**onsieur Domingo, is a skilfull man,  
For much experiance he hath lately got,  
Prouing more Phisick in an alehouse can  
Then may be found in any Vintners Pot,  
Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,  
But this he speakes, being single penny lin'd.

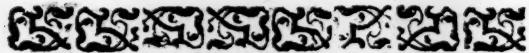
For when his purse is swolne but six pēce bigge,  
Why then he sweares; now by the Lord I thinke  
All Beere in Europe is not worth a figgē:  
A cup of Claret is the onely drinke,  
And thus his praise frō Beere to Wine doth goe,  
Euen as his Purse in pence doth ebbe and flowe.

## EPIG. 2.

Who seekes to please all men each way,  
And not himselfe offendē,  
He may begin his worke to day,  
But God knowes when he'lle ende.

Hang



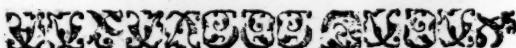


## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 3. BOREAS.

H<sup>A</sup>ng hym base gul, Ile stab hym by the Lord,  
If he presume to speake but halfe a word:  
I le paurch the villaine with my Rapiers point:  
Or heaw him with my Fauchon ioint by ioint,  
Through both his cheeks my Ponniard heshall  
Or Mincepie-like ile magle out the slauue. (haue  
Aske who I am, you whorson freis-gown patche:  
Call me before the Constable, or watch?  
Cannot a captain walke in the Kings high-waye  
Swains, who de speake to? Know ye villion, ha?  
You drûken peffants, run syour tonges on wheels  
Long you to se: yo'r guts about your heeles?  
Doest loue me Tom? let goe my Rapier then,  
Perswade me not from killing nine or ten:  
I care no more to kill them in brauado,  
Then for to drinke a pipe of Trine dado.  
My mind to patience neuer will restore me,  
Vntill their blood do gush in streams before me.  
Thus doth Sir Launcelot in his drunken slagger,  
Swear, curse & raile, threaten, protest & swagger  
But being next day to sober answer brought,  
Hees not the man can breed so base a thought.

When





## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 4.

When *Thraso* meets his friend, he swears by God,  
Vnto his chamber he shall welcome be:  
Not that hee'le cloy him there with rost or sod,  
Such vulgar diet with Cookes shops agree:  
But hee'le present most kinde, exceeding franke,  
The best *Tabacco* that he euer dranke.

Such as himselfe did make a voyage for, (grouds:  
And with his owne hands gather'd from the  
All that which other fetch, he doth abhor,  
His grew vpon an Iland neuer found.  
Oh rare compound, a dying Horse to choke,  
Of *Englyssh* fier, and of *India* smoke.

### EPIG. 5.

*Diogenes* one day through *Athens* went,  
With burning Torch in Sun-shine?his intent  
Was (as he said) some honest man to find:  
For such were rare to meeete, or he was blind.  
One late, might haue done well like light t'haue  
That sought his wife, met her and knew her not:  
But stay, crie mercie, she had on her Maske,  
How could his eies performe that spying task?  
T's verietrue, t'was hard for him to doo,  
By Sun, and Torch; let him take Lant-horne too.

B

Alas





## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 6.

Alas *Delfridus* keepes his bed God knowes;  
Which is a signe his worship's verie ill:  
His griefe beyond the grounds of Phisike goes,  
No Doctor that comes neere it with his skill,  
Yet doth he eat,drink,talke,& sleepe profound,  
Seeming to al mens iudgements healthful sound.

Then gesse the cause he thus to bed is drawne,  
What thinke you so;may such a hap procure it?  
Well;faire tis true,his Hose is out at pawne,  
A breechesse chance is come he must indure it.  
His Hose to Brokers Layle committed are,  
His singular, and onely. *Veluct paire.*

### EPIG. 7.

Speake Gentlemen, what shall we do to day?  
Drink some braue health vpō the Dutch carous:  
Or shall we to the *Globe* and see a play?  
Or visit *Shorditch*, for a bawdie house?  
Lets call for Cards,or Dice, and haue a Game,  
To sit thus idle, is both sinne and shame.

This speaks sir *Rewill*,furnisht out with Fashion,  
Frō dish-crown'd hat,vnto th' shooes square toe,  
That haunts a Whore-house but for recreation,  
Playes but at Dice to cunny-catch,or so:  
Drinks drunke in kindnes,for good fellowship:  
Or to the play goes but some purse to nip.

Sir



# EPIGRAMS.

## EPIG. 8.

Sir gall-Iade, is a Horseman eu'ry day,  
His Boots and Spurrs, and Legs, doe neuer part:  
He rides a Horse, as passing cleane away,  
As any that goes Tiburne-warde by cart:  
Yet honestly he payes for Hackneys hire:  
But hang them Iades, he sel's them when they tire.

He liues not like Diogenes, on Rootes,  
But prooues a Mince-pie guest vnto his Host:  
He scorns to walke in Paules without his Boots,  
And scores his diet on the Vitlers post:  
And when he knowes not where to haue his dinner:  
He fastes, and sweares, A glutton is a sinner.

## EPIG. 9. Drude.

This Gentleman hath serued long in France,  
And is returned filthic full of French,  
In single combat, being hurt by chance,  
As he was closely foyling at a Wench:  
Yet hot alar'ns he hath endur'd good store,  
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no sooner drawne, and ventred nie-her,  
Intending onely but to haue a bout,  
When she his Flask and Touch-box set on fire,  
And till this hower the burning is not out.  
Iudge, was not valour in this Martiall wight,  
That with a spit-fire Serpent so durst fight?



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. IO. *In Meritricem.*

Faith Gentleman you mooue me to offence,  
In comming to me with vnchaste pretence.  
Hauie I the looks of a lasevicious Dame?  
That you should deete me fit for wantons game?  
I am not she will take lusts finne vpon her,  
He rather die, then dimme chast glorious honour.  
Temp't not mine eares; an grace of Christ I meane,  
To keepe my honest reputation cleane.  
My hearing let's no such lewd sound come in,  
My senses loath to surfeit on sweete sinne.  
Reuerse your minde, that goes from grace astray,  
And God forgiue you, with my heart I pray.  
The Gallant notes her words, obserues her frown's,  
Then drawes his purse, & lets her view his crow'ns.  
Vowing, that if her kindnes graunt him pleasure,  
Shee shall be Mistris to commaund his treasure.  
The stormes are calm'd, the gulf is ouer-blowne,  
And shē replies with: *Yours, or not her owne.*  
Desiring him to censure for the best;  
T'was but her tricke to trie if men doe iest;  
Her loue is lock'd where he may picke the truncke,  
Let Singer judge if this be not a puncke.

### EPIG. II.

*Gallus* will haue no Barber prune his beard,  
Yet is his chin cleane shauen and vnl'car'd,  
How comes he trimmed, you may aske mee than?  
His Wenchē doe it with their warming pan.

Politique





## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 12.

Politique Peter meetes his friend a shore,  
That came from Sea's butt newly tother day:  
And gives him French embracements by the score,  
Then followes: *Dicke*, Haſt made good voyage, say?  
But hearing *Richards* ſhares be poore and ſickē:  
*Peter* ha's haſte, and cannot drinke with *Dicke*.

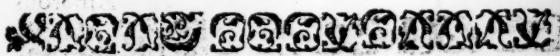
Well, then he meetes another Canaleere,  
Whom he ſalutes about the Knees ond Thighes:  
Welcom sweet *James*, now by the Lord what cheer?  
Ne're better *Peter*, We haue got rich prize.  
Come, come (ſayes *Peter*) eu'en a'welcome quart,  
For by my faith weeble drinke before we part.

*Or thus:*

Faith, we must drinke, that's flat before we part.

### EPIG. 13.

Some do account it golden lucke,  
They may be widdow-spēd, for mucke:  
Boyes on whose chinnes no downe appeares,  
Marry olde Croanes of three-score yeares:  
But they are fooles to Widdowes cleaue,  
Let them take that which Maydes doe cleaue.





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 14.

Fine *Phillip* comes into the Barbers shopp,  
Wheer's nittie locks must suffer reformatiōn,  
The Chaire and Cushion entertaine his flopp:  
The Barber craues to know his worships fashon  
His will is, shauen; for his beard is thin,  
It was so lately banish'd from his chin.

But shauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,  
And therefore for the smooth-face cut he calles:  
Then, fie; these cloathes are wash't with common  
Why dost thou vse such ordinarie balles? (lope,  
I scorne this common trimming like a Boore,  
Yet with his heart he loues a common whoore.

EPIG. 15. *Signeur Fantastickē.*

I scorne to meeete an enemie in feeld,  
Except he be a souldier (by this light)  
I likewise scorne, my reason for to yeeld,  
Yea further, I do wel-nigh scorne to fight.  
Moreouer, I do scorne to be so vaine,  
To draw my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do scorne to walke without my man,  
Yea, and I scorne good morrow and good deane:  
I also scorne to touch an Alehouse Can,  
Thereto I scorne an ordinarie queane.  
Thus doth he scorn, disdainfull, proud and grim:  
All but the Foole onely he scornes not him.

Amorous





## EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 16.

Amorous *Austix* spendes much Balletting,  
In riming Letters, and loue Sonnetting. (her,  
She that loues him, his Ynkehorne shall bepaint-  
And with all *Venus* tytles hee le acquaint her:  
Vowing she is a perfect Angell right,  
When she by waight is many graines too light:  
Nay all that doe but touch her with the stone,  
Will be depos'd that Angell she is none.  
How can he prooue her for an Angell then?  
That proues her selfe a Diuell, tempting men:  
And draweth many to the fierie pit  
Where they are burned for their entring it.  
I know no cause wherefore he tearmes her so,  
Vnlesse he meanes shee's one of them below,  
Where *Lucifer*, chiefe Prince doth domineere:  
If she be such, then (good my hearts) stand cleere,  
Come not within the compasse of her flight,  
For such as doe, are haunted with a spright.  
This Angell is not noted by her wings,  
But by her taile, all full of prickes and stings.  
And know this lust-blind Louer's vaine is led,  
To praise his Diuell, in an Angels sted.

When





## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 17.

When *Cauelero Rake-hell* is to rise  
Out of his bed, he capers light and heddy:  
Then wounds he sweares: you arant where he cries,  
Why whats the cause my breakfast is not reddy?  
Can men feed like *Camelions* on the ayre?  
This is the manner of his morning prayer.

Well, he sweares on, vntill his breakfast comes,  
And then with teeth he falles to worke apace:  
Leaving his Boy a banquet all of crummies.  
Dispatch you Rogue: my Rapier, that's his grace,  
So forth he walks, his stomacke must goe shifte,  
To dine and suppe abroad by deed of gift.

### EPIG. 18.

*Francke* in name, and *Francke* by nature,  
*Frances* is a most kinde creature:  
Her selfe hath suffered many a fall,  
In striuing how to pleasure all.

A wofull





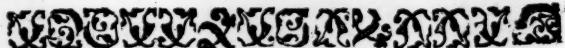
## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 19.

A wofull exclamation late I heard,  
Wherewith *Tabacco* takers may be feard:  
One at the point with pipe and leafe to part,  
Did vow, *Tabacco* worse then deaths blacke dart;  
And prou'd it thus: You know (quoth he) my friends  
Death onely stabbes the heart, and so life ends:  
But this same poyson-steeped *India* weede,  
In head, hart, lings, doth foot and copwebs breed,  
With that he gasp'd, and breath'd out such a smoke,  
That all the standers by were like to choke.

### EPIG. 20.

*Cacus* would gladly drinke, but wants his purse,  
Nay, wanteth money, which is ten times worse:  
For as he vowes himselfe, he hath not seene  
In three dayes space the picture of the Queene:  
Yet if he meeete a friend neare Tauerne signe,  
Straight he intreats him take a pint of Wine,  
For he will giue it, that he will, no nay:  
What will he giue? the other leauie to pay.  
He calleth: Boy, fill vs the tother quart,  
I will bestow it eu'n with all my hart,  
Then doth he diue into his sloppes profound,  
Where not a poore port-culice can be found.  
Meane-while his friend dischargeth all the wine,  
Stay, stay (quoth he) or well, next shall be mine.



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 21.

**S**o to can prooue, such as are drunke by noone,  
Are long-liu'd men; the pox he can as soone.  
Nay, heare is reason ere you doe condemne,  
And if you finde it foolish, hisse and hemme!  
He sayes, Good blood is eu'en the life of man;  
I graunt him that (say you) well goe-to than.  
More drinke, the more good blood. Oh that's a lies,  
The more you drinke the sooner drunke say I.  
Now he protests you doe him mightie wrong,  
Swearing a man in drinke, is three men strong:  
And he will pawne his head against a pennie,  
One right madd drunke, will brawle and fight with  
Well, you replie that argument is weake, (anuē)  
How can a drunkard brawle that cannot speake?  
Or how can he vse weapon in his hand,  
Which cannot guide his feete to goe or stand?  
Harke what an oath the drunken slave can sweare,  
He is a man by that, a man may heare.  
And when you see him stagger, reele, and winke,  
He is a man and more, I by this drinke.

When



# THE CUPID AND SUGAR

## PIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 22.

When signeur *Sacke* and *Sugar* drink-drown'd reele  
He vowes to heaw the spurs from's fellowes heele:  
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,  
Into a louing league they present grow:  
Then instantly vpon a cuppe or twaine,  
Out Poniards goe, and to the stabbe againe.  
Friends vpon that, they drinke, and so embrace:  
Straight bandie Daggers at each others face.  
This is the humour of a madde drunke foole,  
In Tauerne pots that keepes his fencing schoole.

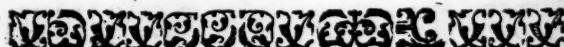
### EPIG. 23.

*Cornutus* was exceeding sicke and ill,  
Pain'd as it seemed chiefly in his hed:  
He call'd his friends, meaning to make his will,  
Who found him drunke, with hose and shooes a bed.  
To whom he said: Oh good my Masters see,  
Drinke with his dart hath all bestabbed me.

I here bequeath, if I doe chance to die,  
To you kinde friends, and *bon* companions all,  
A pound of good *Tabacco*, sweet, and drie,  
To drinke amongst you, at my Funerall:  
Besides, a barrell of the best strong Beere,  
And Pickle-herrings, for to domineere.

C2

Bid





## EPIGRAMS.

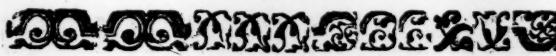
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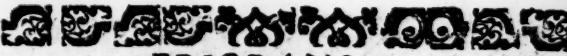
Bid me go sleepe: I scorne it with my heeles,  
I know my selfe as good a man as thee:  
Let goe mine arme I say, lead him that recles,  
I am a right good fellow; dost thou see?  
I know what longs to drinking, and I can  
Abuse my selfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twentie hundred pound,  
(Before the Lord) then for a verie straw:  
Ile fight with any hee aboue the ground,  
Tut, tell not me whats what; I know the law,  
Rapier and Dagger : hey a kingly fight,  
Ile now trie falles with any by this light.

### EPIG. 25.

Behold, a most accomplish'd Caualeere,  
That the worlds Ape of fashions doth appeare,  
Walking the streets, his humors to disclose,  
In the French Dublet, and the Germane Hose:  
The Muffes Cloake, Spanish Hat, Toledo blade,  
Italian ruffe, a shooe right Flemish made;  
Like Lord of Misrule; where he comes hee le reuell:  
And lie for wagers with the lying st diuell.





## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 26.

We men in many faults abound,  
But two, in women can be found :  
The worst that from their sex proceeds,  
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds .

### EPIG. 27.

Aske *Humors* why a Feather he dōth weare?  
It is his humor (by the Lord) he'e le sware:  
Or what he doth with such a Horse-taile locke?  
Or why vpon a Whoore he spends his stocke?  
He hath a Humor doth determine so.  
Why in the Stop-throte fashion doth he goe,  
With Scarfe about his necke? Hat without band?  
It is his humor sweet sir vnderstand,  
What cause his Purse is so extreame distrest,  
That oftentimes tis scarcely pennie blest?  
Onely a Humor: if you question why?  
His tongue is nere vnfurnish'd with a lie:  
It is his Humor too he doth protest.  
Or why with Serjants he is so opprest,  
Thatlike to Ghosts they haunt him eu'rie day?  
A rascal Humor, doth not loue to pay.  
Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are still in season?  
His Humor answers; Humor is the reason.  
If you perceiue his wits in wetting shrunke,  
It commeth of a Humor to be drunke.  
When you beholde his lookes pale, thin, and poore,  
Th' occasion is, his Humor, and a Whoore:  
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,  
It is a vaine for fencelesse Humors sake.



## BPIGRAMS.

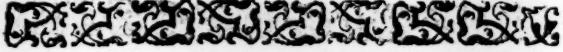
### EPIG. 28.

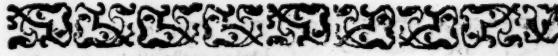
Three high-way standers, having crof-lesse curfle,  
Did greeete my friend, with Sir, giue vs your purfle:  
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one,  
For purfle and coine betwixt them foure was none.

### EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,  
Procur'd her owne sweete picture to be made,  
Which being done, she from her word did flippie,  
And would not pay full due for workemanshippe.  
The painter swore she nere shoulde haue it so,  
She bad him keepe it: and away did go.  
He cholericke, and mighty discontent,  
Straight tooke his Pencell and to worke he went:  
Making the Dog she held, a grim Cats face,  
And hung it in his shop to her disgrace:  
Some of her friends that saw it, to her went,  
In iesting maner asking what she ment,  
To haue her picture hang where gazers swarne,  
Holding a filthie Cat within her arme:  
She in a shamefull heate in haste did hie,  
The Painter to content and sa tisfie:  
Right glad to giue a French-Crownes for his paine,  
To turne her Cat into a Dog againe.

When





## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 30.

When *Tarlton* clown'd it in a pleasant vaine,  
And with conceits did good opinions gaine,  
Vpon the Stage, his merry humors shope: (slop:  
Clownes knew the Clowne, by his great clownish  
But now th'are gull'd, for present fashion sayes,  
*Dicke Tarltons* part, Gentlemens breeches playes:  
In cuerie streete where any *Gallant* goes,  
The swagging Slop, is *Tarltons* clownish hose.

### EPIG. 31.

#### To Lutins.

One newly practiz'd in *Astronomie*,  
That never dealt in weather-wit before:  
Would scrape (forsooth) acquaintance of the skie,  
And by his arte, goe knocke at heauens doore.  
Meane-while a Scholer in his studie slippes,  
And taught his wife skill in the Moones eclipses.

Next night, that friend persuades him walke alone  
Into the field, to gather starres that fell:  
To mix them with Philosophers rare stone  
That begets gold: he lik'd the motion well,  
And went to watch where starres dropt verie thin,  
But raine so shour's, it wet his fooles-case skin.

What:

## EPIGRAMS.

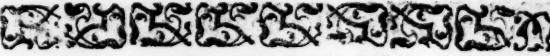
### EPIG. 32.

What gallant's that whose oaths flie through mine  
How like a lord of *Platoes* court he sweraes: (cares?  
How braue in such a bawdie house he fought,  
How rich his emptie purse is outside wrought,  
How Dutch-man-like he swallows down his drinke  
How sweete he takes *Tabacco* till he stinke:  
How loftie spirited he disdaines a Boore,  
How faithfull hearted he is to a( )  
How cock-taile proude he doth his head aduaunce,  
How rare his spurs doe ring the Morice-daunce.  
Now I protest, by Mistris *Salsans* fanne,  
He and his boy will make a proper man.

### EPIG. 33.

Whats he that fits and takes a nappe,  
Fac'd like the North-winde of a mappe?  
And sleeping, to the winde doth nod?  
T is *Bacchus* coosen, Bellic-god.

Laugh



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 34..

Laugh (good my Maisters) if you can intend it,  
For yonder comes a Foole that will defend it:  
Saw you a verier Asse in ail your life,  
That makes himselfe a pack horse to his wife?  
I would his nose where I could wish, were warme,  
For carrying Pearle, so prettie vnder's arme.  
Pearle his wiuess Dog, a prettie sweet-fac'd curre,  
That barks a nights at the least fart doth sturie:  
Is now not well, his cold is scarcely broke,  
Therefore good hisband wrap him in thy cloakes  
And sweet-heart, preethee heape me to my Maske.  
Ho' de Pearle but tender, for he hath the laske.  
Here, take my muffe; and doe you heare good man?  
Now giue me Pearle, and carrie you my Fanne.  
Alacke poore Pearle, the wretch is full of paine,  
Hisband take Pearle: giue me my Fanne againe,  
See how he quakes: faith I am like to weepe,  
Come to me Pearle my Scarfe good hisband keepe,  
To be with me I know my Puppie loues,  
Why Pearle, I say: hisband take vp my Gloues,  
Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himselfe an Earle,  
That he can please his wife, and carrie Pearle:  
But others judge his state to be no higher,  
Then a Dogges yeoman, or some Pippin Squier.



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 35.

*Senerus* is extreme in eloquence,  
In perfum'd words, plung'd ouer head and eares,  
He doth create rare phrase, but rarer sense,  
Fragments of Latine, all about he beares.  
Vnto his seruingman *alias* his boy,  
He vtters speach exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitive and my defetive slaye,  
Reach my corpes couerture immediately :  
My pleasures pleasure is, the same to haue,  
T'insconse my person from frigiditie.  
His man beleuees all's Welch, his Maister spoke,  
Till he rayles English; Roge go fetch my cloke.

### EPIG. 36.

Why shold the Mercers trade, a Satten fute,  
With Cookes grease be so wickedly polute?  
The reason is, the scandall and defame  
Grew, that a greasie floun weares the same.

A.

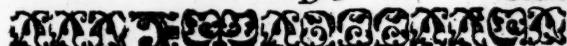




## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 37.

An honest Vicker, and a kinde confort,  
That to the Alehouse friendly would resort,  
To haue a game at Tables now and than,  
Or drinke his pot as soone as any man:  
As faire a gamster, and as free from brawl,  
As euer man should need to play withall:  
Because his Hostesse pledg'd him not carouse,  
Rashly in choller did forsware her house.  
Taking the glasse, this was the oath he swore,  
Now by this drinke, Ile nere come hither more.  
But mightily his Hostesse did repent,  
For al her guests to the next Ale-house went,  
Following their Vickars steps in euerie thing:  
He led the Parrish even by a string.  
At length his ancient Hostesse did complaine,  
She was vndone, vntille he came againe.  
Desiring certaine friends of hers and his,  
To vse a pollicie, which should be this:  
Because with cuning he shold not forsware him,  
To saue his oath, they on their backs might bear him  
Of this good course the Vicker well did thinke,  
And so they alwayes carried him to drinke.



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 38.

Some man that to contention is inclin'd,  
With any thing he sees, a fault will finde,  
As, that is not so good, the same's amisse,  
I haue no great affection vnto this.  
Now I protest I doe not like the same,  
This must be mended, that deserueth blame,  
It were farre better such a thin<sup>g</sup> were ouer,  
This is obseure, and that's as full of doubt,  
And much a doe, and many wordes are spent  
In finding out the path that humors went,  
And for direction to that idle way,  
Onely a busie tongue beares all the sway.  
The dish that *Aesop* did commend for best,  
Is now adayes in woderfull request,  
But if you find fault on a certaine ground,  
Weele fall to mending when the fault is found.

### EPIG. 39.

Pra'y by your leaue make thosunster humores roome,  
That o't hath walk'd about Duke Humphreys tombe:  
And sat awongst the Knights to see a play,  
And gone in's sute of Sattin eu'rie day,  
And had his hat display a bushie plume,  
And's verie beard deliuier forth perfume,  
But when was this? aske Frier Bacon head,  
That answered *Time is past*, O time is fled!  
Sattin and Silke was pawn'd long agoe,  
And now in canuas, no Knight can him knowe,  
His former state, in darke oblivion sleepes,  
Gnely *Paules Gallene*, that walke he keepes.

Crosse:

## EPIC. 41. 11.

Crosse not my humour, with an ill plac'd worde,  
For if thou dost behold my fatall sworde:  
Do'st see my countenaunce begin looke red, when O  
Let that foretel there's storie in my heade, in dyligent b[ea]t  
A little discontent will quickly heate it, when O  
Touch not my stake, thou wert as good to eate it, when O  
These damned Dice, how cursed they deuoure, when O  
I lost some halfe score pound in halfe an houre, when O  
A bowle of Wine, sithd: you will haue fill, when O  
Who drawes it Rascall? call me hither, when O  
You Rogue what hast to supper for my diet, when O  
Tell'st me of Butchers meat, knaue I defie it, when O  
I le haue a banquet to iuite an Earle, when O  
A Phoenix boyl'd in broth distilled in Pearle, when O  
Hold drie this leafe, a Candle quickly bring, when O  
I le take one pipe to bed, no[n]e other thing, when O  
Thus with joy, he will sup to night, when O  
Flesh-meate is heauie and his purse is light, when O

## EPIC. 41.

Two Gentlemen of hot and fierie sprite,  
Tooke boate, and went vp Westward to goe fight, when O  
I marked both, for Wan'worth they set saile,  
And there arriuing with a happy gale, when O  
The Water-men discharged for their Faire, when O  
They two parted, thus their minds declare,  
Pray Ores (said they) stay here and come not neare, when O  
We goe to fight a little, but here-by, when O  
The Water men with staues did follow them, when O  
And cri'd, oh hold your hands good Gentlemen!  
You know the danger of the the law, forbearre:  
So they put weapons vp and fell to sweare.

## THE CUCKOLD AND PIGRAMS.

### EPIGR. 42.

One of these Cuckold making Queanes,  
Did graft her husbands head:  
Who arm'd with anger, steele and horne,  
Would kill him stain'd his bed.  
And chaleng'd him vnto the field,  
Vowing to haue his life,  
Where being met, Sirha (quoth he)  
I doe suspect my Wife,  
Is scarce so honest as she shoulde,  
You make of her some vse;  
Indeed (said he) I loue her well,  
Ile frame no false excuse.  
O! de'ye confess by heauens (quoth he)  
Had'st thou denid thy guilt,  
This blade had gone into thy guts,  
Euena to the verie Hilt.

### EPIGR. 43.

What feather'd fowle is this that doth approch,  
As if it were an *Estrich* in a Coatch?  
Three yarde off feather round about her hat,  
And in her hand a bable like to that,  
As full of Birds attire, as Owle, or Goose,  
And like vnto her gowne, her selfe seemes loose  
Cri-ye mercie Ladie Lewdnesse, are you there?  
Light feather'd stuffe besitts you best to weare.

Occasion



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 44

Occasion late was ministred,  
for one to tric his friend,  
Ten pounds he did intreate him,  
that of all loue he wou'd lend:  
His case was an accursed case,  
no comfort to be found,  
Vnlesse he friendly drew his purse,  
and blest him with ten pound.  
He did protest he had it not,  
making a solemne vow,  
He wanted meanes and money both;  
to doe him pleasure now.  
Then sir(quoth he) you know I haue  
a Gelding I loue well,  
Necessitie it hath no law,  
I must my Gelding sell.  
I haue beeene offred twelue for him,  
with ten ile be content,  
Well I will trie a friend(said he)  
it was his cheft he ment.  
So fetch'd the money presently:  
tother sees Angels shinc,  
Now God a mercie horse(quoth he)  
thy credits more then mine.

Dice





## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 45.

Dice, diuing deepe into a Ruffians purse,  
Leaving it nothing worth but strings and leather:  
He presently did fall to sweare and curse,  
That's life and money he would loose together,  
Tooke off his hat, and swore, let me but see  
What Rogue dares say this same is blacke to me?

Another lost, and he did money lacke,  
And thus his furie in a heat reuinies:  
Where is that Rogue denies his hat is blacke?  
Ile fight with him, had he ten thousand liues.  
Oh sir (quoth he) in troth you come th late,  
Choller is past, my anger's out of date.

### EPIG. 46.

A kind of *London-walker* in a boote,  
(Not *George* a Horf-backe, but a *George* a foote)  
On eu'rie day you meeete him throngh the yea're,  
For's boots and spurs, a horf-man doth appeare,  
Was met with by an odd conceited stranger,  
Who friendly told him that he walk'd in danger,  
For sir (in kindnesse no way to offend you).  
There is a warrant forth to apprehend you,  
Th' offence they say, your riding through the street,  
Haue kil'd a child vnder your horses feete.  
Sir I protest (quoth he) they doe me wrong,  
I haue not back'd a horf God knowes how long,  
What slauies be these, they haue me false bely'd:  
Ile prooue, this twelue-month I did neuer ride.

A



BPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 47.

*A deafe eare,in a iust case.*

A poore man came vnto a Judge,  
and shewd his wrong'd estate  
Entreating him for Iesus sake,  
to be compassionat.  
The wrongs were great he did sustaine,  
he had no helpe at all,  
The Judge sat still as if the man  
had spoken to the wall.  
With that came two rude fellowes in,  
to haue a matter tride,  
About an Asse that one had let  
the other for to ride.  
Which Asse the owner found in field  
as he by chance past by :  
And he that hired him, a sleepe  
did in the shadow lie.  
For which he would be satisfied  
his beast was but to ride,  
And for the shadow of the Asse,  
he would be paid beside,  
Great raging words, and damned oaths,  
these two Asse-wranglers swore,  
When presently the Judge start vp,  
that seemd a sleepe before.  
And heard the follies willingly,  
of these two sottish men,  
But bad the poore man come againe,  
he had no leysh then.

E

A



## EPIG. 48.

*A Lawers mad will.*

A Lawier being sick and extreame ill,  
Was moued by his friends to make his will,  
For they with one consent resolued all:  
He ueuer more would see Westminster hall.  
He feeling in himselfe his ende was neere,  
Vnto their counsell did encline his eare,  
And absolute gaue all the wealth he had,  
To frantick persons, lunaticke and mad.  
To no man else he would a pennie giue,  
But only such as doe in *Bedlam* liue.  
This caus'd his friends most strangely to admire,  
And some of them his reason did require?  
Quoth he my reason to you Ile reueale:  
That you may see with equitie I deale.  
From mad mens hands I did my wealth receaue,  
Therefore that wealth to mad mens hands I leaue.

## EPIG. 49.

Judge if my husband yse me kind or no,  
That must intreat him twiee to buy a Fan?  
A hood he likewise grudges to bestow,  
Although I vse the best good wordes I can,  
I must weare fashions till they grow month olde,  
And I am lou'd lesse then a bag of Gold.  
What Gentlewoman could endure this life?  
This *cannot haue her will*, that I abide:  
I might hau beene a London Marchants wife,  
And never beene vbraided with my pride.  
Well if death crosse him, that doth crosse me still,  
He haue a Citizen, by Christ I will.

A Scholer



# COLLECTOR

## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 50.

A Scholler newly entred marriage life,  
Following his studie, did offend his wife,  
Because when she his companie expected,  
By bookish businesse she was still neglected,  
Comming vnto his studdie, (Lord quoth she)  
Can papers make you loue them more then me?  
I would I were transform'd into a booke,  
That your affection might vpon me looke,  
But in my wish, with all be it decreed,  
I would be such a booke you loue to reade,  
Husband (quoth she) which bookes forme should I  
Marie (quoth he) t'were best an Almanake. (take?)  
The reaon wherefore I doe wish thee so:  
Is, euerie yeaer we haue a newe you know,

### EPIG. 51.

#### *The taming of a wilde youth.*

Oflate a deare and louing friend of mine;  
That all his time a gallant youth had bin,  
From mirth to melancholy did incline:  
Looking exceeding pale, leane, poore and thin.  
I ask'd the cause, he brought me through the streete  
Vnto his house, and there he let me see,  
A woman, proper, faire, wise and discreete,  
And said, beholde, heer's that hath tamed mee,  
Hath this (quoth I) can such a wife doe so?  
Lord, how is he tamed then that hath a shrow?

# THE COUNTESS OF SALOMON

## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 52.

Two swaggering rascals, such as to  
contention doe incline,  
Within a Tauerne fell at strife,  
about two cups of wine:  
One mist his turne, or dranke not all,  
as drunken humors be,  
Wherewith grew rogue and rascall,  
and as good man as thee:  
Meete me to morrow morning, such  
an houre, in such a place,  
Weele ende it with a bloodie bout,  
for offring this disgrace.  
Next morning these two chapions met,  
and pac'd the fields about,  
At length sayes one to other,  
*Tom*, kind *Tom* how fell we out?  
Quoth other, honest *Robin*, troth  
I know not well the caufe:  
And therefore lets goe drinke a quart,  
and on the matter pause.  
What shuld we like two fooles go draw,  
and fight we know not why:  
Dost thou beare malice? no (quoth he)  
by these same hilts nor I.  
So they fell in- where they fell out,  
t'was wine began the fray:  
They went to drinke a quart or two,  
and let the combat stay.

Behold



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 53.

Behold his feather ! smell his Muske and Ciuit,  
And heare the Parrot speake *Arcadia* lines :  
See him put coward vp, of him dare giue it,  
Forswere his word, by this good light that shines,  
Stand on his ancient house readie to fall,  
Because a rotten Gull props vp the wall.

Obserue how scandalous he will disgrace,  
An absent Gentleman, by base abuse:  
Whose challenge, like the paper dyed his face,  
And makes him shift for cowardly excuse,  
A worthie Captain, when his tongue deales blowes,  
That neuer fough't be beyond a bloodie nose.

### EPIG. 54.

Sirra, come hither boy, take view of me,  
My Ladie I am purpos'd to goe see :  
What, doth my feather flourish with a grace ?  
And this same doublet set become my face ?  
How decent doth this dublets forme appeare ?  
I would I had my suite in *Hounds/ditch* heire,  
Doe not my spur's pronounce a siluer sound ?  
Doe's not my hose circumference profound ?  
Sir these are well, but there is one thing ill,  
Your Tailer with a sheete of Paper bill,  
Vowes heele be pai'd, and Serjeants he hath fee'd,  
Which wait your comming forth to doe the deed,  
Boy, God a mercie, let my Ladie stay,  
Ile see no Counter for her sake to day.



# ඡිජ්‍යා සඩ් තු ති දැඹු ගේ

## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 55.

*An executor for the Devill.*

O Ne late extreamely sicke,  
life ready to refuse him:  
Sent for the greatest foe he had,  
and said he needes must vse him.  
The partie craud wherein?  
the sickman did reply :  
To make you my Executor,  
for I prepare to die,  
Why sir (quoth he) you know,  
we two haue long contended:  
And at this present are in law,  
vnlike yet to be ended.  
Tis true indeed (said he)  
I know it very well,  
But hauing heard  
Executors doe most part goe to hell  
I haue made choice of you  
to vndertake the charge :  
Knowing your conscience very well  
to be exceeding large.  
And this is all the cause,  
and you the fittest man,  
For you are making hast to hell,  
with all the speede you can.

Foure

# ඡිජ්‍යා සඩ් තු ති දැඹු ගේ



## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 56.

#### *Fourre kinde of Drunkards.*

BY Tauerne rule, as Sacke and Claret prooues,  
Fourre kinde of Drunkards that good liquor  
Do often anker at the bush and signe:      (loues,  
To diowne their wits in pottle-pots of wine.  
The first a Lyon-drunkard you may call,  
Whose humor onely is to fight and brall,  
Heele haue about with any in his wroth,  
And stab the story on the painted cloath.  
The next Sheepe-drunke, at any thing will weepe:  
Giue him but tother cup he falles a sleepe.  
Not one wise word out of his mouth can passe,  
But any Childe may vse him like an Asse.  
The third Swine drunke, is a moste beastly slauie,  
Heele vtter out more then a man would haue:  
Set him, and haue at all, he casteth fayre,  
But filthie lucke hath brought him out of square.  
The fourth Ape-drunke is full of trickes and toyes  
To leape ore stoolche he le challenge Vintners Boyes,  
Drinke Candles endes, doo any foolish deede,  
And pisſe you out the fier for a neede.

Thou





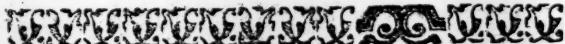
## EPIGRAMS.

### EPIG. 57.

#### *Lazarus Epitaph.*

Thou that in want at rich mens doores didst lie,  
When he releefe vnto thee did denie,  
And from the tongues of dogges didst comfort find,  
When hands of men were cruel and ynkind,  
Thou that didst hunger,cold, and thirst endure,  
And from hard hearts no pittie could procure,  
And to whom no man would extend compassion,  
But euerie one held thee in detestation,  
Thou that in anguish didst complaine and crie,  
Yet poore as *Job* didst on the dung-hill lie.  
Thou that hadst neither house to shrowd thy head,  
Nor crummes to feede thee of a Gluttons bread,  
Thou that didst lie distressed in the streeete,  
Wrapt all in sores,in stead of winding sheete,  
Oh happie thou in thy extreame complaints!  
For thou art now a Citizen with Saints.  
When thy soule fled, Angels attendant were,  
And vnto *abrahams* bosome did it beare:  
For weeping heere,in heaven thou dost sing,  
For begger heere,in heaven thou art a King.

A grace-



Your Sceane is done, depart you Epigrammes,  
Enter Goate-footed Satyrs, but like Rammes:  
Come mymby forth, Why stand you on delay?  
O-bo, the Musique-tuning makes you stay.  
Well, friske it out nimby: you slaves begin,  
For now methinks the Fidlers hands are in.

---

## SATYRES.

### SATYRE. I.

VV Ho haue we here? Behold him and be mutes  
Some mightie man Ile warrant by his fute,  
If all the Mercers in Cheapeside shew fuch,  
Ile give them leaue to giue me twise as much:  
I thinke the Stuffe is namelesse he doth weare,  
But what so ere it be, it is huge geare.  
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due,  
Some swaggering fellow, I may say to you:  
It seemes Ambition in his bigge lookes shrowdes,  
Some Centaure surc, begotten of the Clowdes.  
Now a shame take the Buzzard, is it hee?  
I know the Ruffaine, now his face I see:  
On a more gull the Sunne did neuer shine,  
How with a vengeance comes the foole so fine?  
Some noble mans cast fute is falne vnto him,  
For buying Hose and Dublet would vndo him.  
But wote you now, whither the buzzard walkes?  
I, into Panies forsooth, and there he talkes  
Offorraine tumults, vttring his aduice,

F

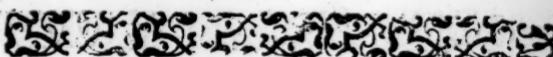
And

# THE COUNTESS OF YORKE.

## SATYRS.

And prouing Warres euen like a game adice :  
For this (saies he) as euery gamster knowes,  
Where one side winnes, the other side must lose.  
Next speech he vters, is his stomacks care,  
Which ordinarie yeeldes the cheapest faire?  
Or if his purse be out of tune to pay,  
Then he remembers tis a fasting day:  
And then he talketh much against excesse,  
Swearing all other Nations eate farre lesse  
Then Englishmen; experience you may get  
In France and Spaine, where he was nener yet;  
With a score Figgies and halfe a pint of Wine,  
Some foure or fve will very hugely dine.  
Me thinkes this tale is very huge in sound,  
That halfe a pint should serue fve to drinke round,  
And twentie Figgies could feed them full and fat;  
But travellers may lie; who knowes not that?  
Then why not he that travells in conceite,  
From East to west, when he can get no meate?  
His journey is in Paules in the back Isles,  
Wher's stomacke count's each pace an hundred miles  
A tedious thing; though chaunce will haue it such,  
To trauaile so long baitlesse, sure tis much.  
Some other time stumbling on wealthy Chusses  
Worth gulling, then he swaggers all in husses,  
And tels them of a prize he was at taking,  
Wil be the ship-boyes childrens childrens making,  
And that a mouse could finde no roome in holde,  
It was so pestered all with pearle and golde:  
Vowing to pawne his head if it were tride,  
They had more Rabbies then would pauue Cheapside.  
A thousand other grosse and odious lies,

He



## S A T Y R S

He dares auouch to blinde dull Iudgements eyes,  
Not caring what he speake or what he sweare,  
So he gaine credit at his hearers eare.  
Sometimes into the *Royall Exchange* hee'l droppe,  
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers shoppe:  
And there his tung runs Byas on affaires,  
Not alke but of commodities and wares:  
and what great wealth he lookes for eru'y windē,  
From God knowes where; the place is hard to finde  
If newes be harkned for, then he preuailes,  
Setting his inint a worke to coyne false tales.  
His tongues-end is betipt with forged chat,  
Vttering rare lyes to be admyred at,  
Heele tell you of a tree that he doth knowe,  
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers growe,  
As good as Fleetestreete hath in any shoppe;  
Which being ripe, downe into scabbards droppe.  
He hath a very peece of that same Chaire,  
In which *Cesar* was stab'd: It is not rare?  
He with his feete vpon the stones did treade,  
That *Sathan* brought, & bad Christ make thē bread.  
His wondrous travels challenge such renoune,  
That Sir *John Maundinell* is quite put downe.  
Men without heads, and *Pigmeis* hand-bredth hie,  
Those with one legg that on their backs do lie,  
And doe the weathers injurie disdaine,  
Making their legs a penthouse for theraine,  
Are tut, and tush; not any thing at all.  
His knowledge knowes, what no mans notice shall.  
This is a mate vnmeete for eu'ry groome,  
And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome,  
He saw a Hollander in Middleborow,

# MORAL EPISTLES

## SATYRS.

As he was flasching of a browne Loafe thorow,  
Where-to the haste of hunger had inclin'd him,  
Cut him-selfe through, & two that stood behind him  
Besides he saw a fellow put to death,  
Could drinke a whole Beere-barrell at a breath.  
Oh this is he that will say any thing,  
That to himselfe may any profit bring,  
Gainst whosoever he doth speake he carres not,  
For what is it that such a villaine dares not?  
And though in conscience he cannot denie,  
The All-commander saith, *Thou shalt not lie;*  
Yet he will answere (cayleffe of soules late)  
Truth telling, is a thing obtaineth hate.

## SATIR.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindnesse  
To winke at folly, is a foolish blindnesse.  
*God save you Sir,* saluteth with a grace,  
One he could wish never to see his face.  
But doth no the vse meere disfutation?  
That's inside hate, and outside salutation?  
Yes as I take it: yet his answere sayes,  
Fashions, and Customes, vse it now a dayes:  
A Gentleman perhaps may chance to meete,  
His Liuing griper face to face in streete:  
And though his lookes are odious vnto sight,  
Yet will he do the French *Conges* right,  
And in his heart wish him as low as hell,  
When in his words, hee's glad to see him well;  
Then being thus, a man may soone suppose,  
There is, *God save you sir,* sometimes twixt foes;

Oh

## S A T Y R S.

Oh Sir, why that's as true as you are heere,  
With one example I will make it cleere,  
And farre to fetch the same I will not go,  
But into *Hounf-ditch*, to the Brokers row:  
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,  
VVhether at *Holborne-Conduit* or *Long-lane*,  
If thyther you vouchsafe to turne your eye,  
And see the pawnes that vnder forfaite lye,  
Which are foorth-comming sir, and safe enough  
Says good-man Broker in his new print ruffe:  
He will not stand too striktly on a day,  
Encouraging the party to delay,  
With all good words, the kindest may be spoke,  
He turns the Gentleman out of his cloake:  
And yet betweene them both, at every meeting,  
*God save you Sir*, is their familiar greeting,  
This is much kindenes sure; I pray commend him,  
With great good wordes, he highly doth befrēd him  
It is a fauour at a pinch, in neede:  
A pinching friendship; and a pinching deede.  
The slauē may were his suites of Sattin so,  
And likē a man of reputation go,  
When all he hath, in house, or on his backe,  
It is his o'ne, by forfaytures shypwracke.  
See you the Brooch that long in's Hat hath bin?  
It may be there, it cost him not a pin:  
His sundry sortes of diuers mens attire,  
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne desire.  
Shame ouer-take the peasant for his paine,  
That he should pray on losses, to his gaine,  
In drawing Wardrobs vnder his subiection,  
Being a knaue in manners and complexion,

# SHAKESPEARE'S SATYRS.

Jumpe like to *Vfurie*, his neareſt kinne;  
That weares a money bagge vnder his chinne:  
A bunc̄h that dooth reſemble ſuch a ſhape,  
And hayred like to Paris garden Ape,  
Foaming about the chaps like ſome wilde Boore,  
As ſwart and tawnie as an *India Moore*:  
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, hee ſhowes,  
His face chiefest ornament, his noſe,  
Full furnished with many a Clarret ſtaine,  
As large as any Codpiece of a Dane,  
Emboſſed curiouſ; every eye doth iudge,  
His lacked faced with motheaten Budge:  
To which a paire of ſatten ſleenes he weares,  
Wh erein two pound of greafe about he beares,  
His ſpectacles doe in a copper caſe,  
Hang dangling'neere about his piffing place.  
His breeches and his hōſe, and all the reſt,  
Are ſuitable: His gowne (I meane his beſt)  
Is full of threeds, Intitul'd right threedbare:  
But wooll thereon is wondrouſ scant and rare,  
The welting hath him in no charges ſtood,  
Being the ruines of a caſt French hood.  
Exelleſe is ſinfull, and he doth defie it,  
A ſparing whorſon in attire and dyet,  
Only exelleſe is lawfull in his cheſt,  
For there he makes a golden Angells neſt,  
and vowes no farther to be found a lender,  
Then that moft pretious mettall doth ingenders  
Begetting dayly more and more encrease.  
His money's ſlaue, till wretched life ſurceafe.  
This is the Lew allied very neere,  
Vnto the Broker for they both doe beare

Vndoubted



## S A T Y R S .

Vndoubted testimony of their kinne:  
A brace of Rascalles in a league of sinne,  
Two filthy Curses that will on no man fawne,  
Before they taſt the sweetnesſe of his pawne.  
And then the flauſe will be as kinde forſooth,  
Nor as *Kinde-heart*, in drawing our a tooth,  
For he doth eaſe the patient of his paine,  
But they diſease the borroWer of his gaine.  
Yet neither of them vſe extremitie,  
They can be villaines euen of charitie.  
To lend our Brother it is meete and fit:  
Giue him roſte meate and beat him with the ſpit.  
*Uſurie* ſure is requisite and good,  
And ſo is Brokage, rightly vnderſtood:  
But loſt a little, what iſ he ſayes fo?  
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I knowe.

---

## S A T Y R E .

34.

O H let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,  
I know her well; tis Miftris, What d'ye call.  
It ſhould be ſhee, both by her Maske and Fanne:  
And yet it ſhould not, by her Serving-man;  
For if mine eyes do not miſtake the Foole,  
He is the Viſher offome Dauncing Schoole.  
The reaſon why I doe him ſuch ſuppoſe,  
Is this; Me thinkes he daunceth as he goes,  
An aetiue fellow, though he be but poore,  
Eyther to vault vpon a Horſe, or &c.  
See you the Huge bum Dagger at his backe,

To





## SATYRS.

To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke.  
Oh with that blade he keepes the Queanes in awe,  
Brauely behacked like a two hand Saw.  
Stamps on the ground, and biteth both his thoms,  
Vnlesse he be commaunder where he coms.  
You damned whores, where are you? quicke come  
Drye this Tabacco. Fill a dozen of Beere, (heere,  
Will you be briefe? or long yeto be bang'd?  
Hold, take this Match; go light it and be hang'd.  
Where stay these whores when Gent. do call?  
Heer's no attendance (by the Lord) at all.  
Then downe the staires, the pots in rage he throwes  
And in a damned vaine of swearing growes,  
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,  
To sweare with him, and giue him sixe at seau'n.  
Oh, he is an accomplitsh'd Gentleman,  
And many rare conceited knackes he can,  
Which yeeld to him a greater store of gaine,  
Then iugling Kings, hey Passe, ledgerdemaine.  
His wit's his lyuing: one of quaint deuice,  
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice,  
To those exploits he euer stands prepar'd:  
A Villaine excellent at a Bum card.  
The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,  
And finde him in his bosome, for his turne.  
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kinde of game,  
*Primero, Saum;* or whatsoeuer name:  
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes sweares,  
If you doe finde good dealing, take his eares.  
But come to Dice; why that's his onely trade,  
*Alchell Mumchance,* his owne Inuention made.  
He hath astocke, whereon his liuing stayes,

And



S A T Y R S .

And they are *Fullams*, and *Bard quarter-trayes*:  
His *Langrets*, with his *Hie men*, and his *low*,  
Are readie what his pleasure is to throw.  
His stopt Dice with Quick-siluer neuer misse.  
He calls for, Come on fise; and there it is :  
Or else heele haue it with fise and a reach,  
Although it cost his necke the Halter stretch.  
Besides all this same kinde of cheating art,  
The Gentleman hath some good other part,  
Well seene in *Magicke* and *Astrologie*,  
Flinging a Figure wondrous handfomly;  
Which if it doe not misse, it sure doth hit:  
Oftroth the man hath great store of small wit.  
And note him wheresoever that he goes,  
His Booke of Characters is in his hose.  
His dinner he will not presume to take,  
Ere he aske counsaile of an Almanacke.  
Heele finde if one proue false vnto his wife,  
Onely with Oxe blood, and a rustie knife.  
He can transforme himselfe vnto an Asse,  
Shew you the Diuell in a Christall Glasse:  
The Diuell say you? why I, is that such wonder?  
Being consorts they will not be asunder.  
*Alcumie* in his braines so sure doth settle,  
He can make Gold of any copper kettle;  
Within a three weekes space or such a thing,  
Riches vpon the whole world he could bring.  
But in his owne purse one shall hardiy spie it,  
Witnessse his Hostesse, for a twelue-months diet:  
Who would be glad of gold or siluer either,  
But sweares by chalk, and poast, she can get neither.  
More, he will teach any to gaine their loue,

G

As

# MENAGE A LA MODE

## SATYRS. 4.3

As thus (saies he) take me a Turtle Dove,  
And in an Ouen let her lie and bake  
So drie that you may poulder of her make;  
Which being put into a cup of Wine,  
The wench that drinks it will to loue incline:  
And shall not sleepe in quiet in her bed,  
Till she be eased of her Maiden-head.  
This is *probatum*, and it hath beeene tride,  
Or else the cunning man cunningly lide:  
It may be so, a lie is not so strange,  
Perhaps he spake it when the Moone did change:  
And thereupon (no doubt) th' occasion sprung,  
Inconstant Luna ouer-rul'd her tung.  
*Astronomers* that traffique with the Skie,  
By common censure some-times meete the lie:  
Although indeed their balme is not so much,  
When Starres & Planets faile and keepe not tutch,  
And so this fellow with his large profession,  
That end-his triall in a farre digression:  
*Philosophers* beqneathed him their stome  
To make gold with: yet can his purse holde none.

## SATIR. 4

**M**ELLIFLUOUS, sweete Rose-watred eloquence.  
Thou that hast hunted Barbarisme hence,  
And taught the Goodman *Cibbin*, at his plow,  
To be as eloquent as *Tullie* now:  
Wh<sup>o</sup> nominates his Bread and Cheeze a name,  
(That doth vntruste the nature of the same.)  
*His stomacke stayes*. How dee like the phrase?  
Are plowmen simple fellowes now aday es?

Not



## S A T Y R S.

Not so, my maisters: What meanes *Singer* then?  
And *Pope* the Clowne, to speake so Boorish, when  
They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the stage?  
Since Countrey fellowes grow in this same age,  
To be so quaint in their new printed speech,  
That Cloth will now compare with Velvet breech,  
Let him discourse, euen where, and when he dare,  
Talke nere so Ynk-horne learnedly and rare,  
Sweare Cloth-breech is a pesant (by the Lord)  
Threaten to draw his wrath-vengee, his sworde:  
Tush, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laugh,  
And lets him see *Bone-paster*; thats his staffe:  
Then tells him brother, friend, or so forth, heare ye  
Tis not your knitting-needle, makes me feare ye.  
If to ascention you are so declinde,  
I haue restitution in my minde:  
For though your beard do stand so sine mustated,  
Perhaps your nose may be transfisticated.  
Man, I dare chalenge the to throw the sledge,  
To iumpe or leape ouer a ditch or hedge,  
To wrastle, play at stoole-ball, or to runne,  
To pitch to barre, or to shoothe off a gunne:  
To play at loggetts, nine holes, or ten pinnes,  
To trie it out at footeball by the shinnes;  
At Tick-tacke, Irish, noddie, Maw, and Russe:  
At hot-cockles, leape-frogge, or blindman buffe:  
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole Can:  
To play at base, or pen and Ynk-horne sir Ihan.  
To daunce the Morris plae at barley-breake:  
At all exployts a man can thinke or speake:  
At shoue grote, venter-poynt, or crosse and pile.  
At beshrow that's last at yonder stile,

S A T Y R S.

At leaping ouer a Midsommerbon-fier,  
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer:  
At any of these, or all these presently,  
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I;  
I scorne (that am a youngster of our towne)  
To let a Bow-bell Cockney put me downe.  
This is a gallant farre beyond a Gull,  
For verie valour fyls his pockets full.  
Wit showers vpon him Wisdome raine in plentie,  
For heele be hang'd if any man find twentie.  
In all their Parish whatsoete they be,  
Can shew a head so politicke as he.  
It was his father's luke of late to die  
Untesates he about the Legacie  
To London came, inquiring allabout,  
How he might finde a Chancillor in out.  
Being vnto a Chancillor Lawyer seat,  
Pray sir (quoth he) are you the man I meane?  
That haue a certaine kinde of occupation,  
About dead men, that leaues men out offashion?  
Death hath done that which taaswre he's not able  
My father he is dyed detestable  
I being his eldestheire, he did preferre  
Me sir, to be his executio ner :  
And verie briefly my request to finish,  
Pray you may I by Law his goods diminish?  
Was this a Clowne? tell true, or was a none?  
You make fatte Clowns, if such as he be one:  
A man may sweare, if he were vrg'd to it,  
Foolisher fellowes haue not so much wit.  
Oh such as he, are euen the onely men,  
Loue letters in a Milke-maides praise to pen;

Lines

# DEC D E S C R I P T I O N

## S A T Y R S .

Lines that will worke the curstest fallen shrow,  
To loue a man whether she will or no.  
Being most wondrous patheticall,  
To make *Ciffe* out a crie in loue withall:  
He scornes that maister Schoolmaister should think,  
he wants his ayd in halfe a pen of ynke:  
*All* that he dooth it commeth eu'ry whit,  
From natures dry-fat, his owne mother wit.

As thus:

Thou Honnysuckle of the Hawthorne hedge,  
Vouchsafe in *Cupids* cuppyng heart to pledge:  
My hearts deare blood sweet *Ciffe*, is thy carouse,  
Worth all the Ale in *Gammer Gubbins* house:  
I say no more affaires call me away,  
My fathers horse for prouender doth stay.  
Be thou the *Ladie Crestis*-light to mee,  
Sir *Trolleyolle* I will proue to thet.  
Written in haste: farewell my Cowslippe sweete,  
Pray let's a Sunday at the Ale-house meete.

## S A T Y R . 5 .

**T**Is a bad worlde, the common speach doth go,  
And he complaines, that helps to make it so:  
Yet every man th' imputed crime would shunne,  
Hypocrite with a fine threede is spunne.  
Each striues to shew the verie best in seeming,  
Honest enough, if honest in esteeming;  
Praise waites vpon him how with much renowne,  
Thus wrappes vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* goyne:  
Commending with good words religious deeds,  
To helpe the poore, supply our neighbours needs:

# THEATRUM SATYRORVM

## SATYRS.

Do no man wrong, gine euery man his owne,  
Be friend to all and enemie to none;  
Haue charitie, auoide contentious strife,  
If he speakes thus, that nere did good in's life.  
*Derision* hath an ore in eueric Boate,  
In's neighbours eye he quickly spies a moate.  
But the great beame that's noted in his owne,  
He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes thereon.  
Some doe report he beares about a facke,  
Hafse hanging forwards, halfe behinde at's backe:  
And his owne faultes (quite out of sight and minde)  
He casts into the partes that hanges behinde:  
But other mens, he puttereth in before,  
And into them he looketh euermore.  
*Contempt*, comes very neere to th'others vaine,  
He hates all good deserts with proud disdaine,  
*Rashnesse* is his continall walking mate,  
Costly appareld, loftie in his gate:  
Up to the eares in double ruttes and startch,  
God blesse your eyelight when you see him march  
Statutes, and lawes, he dare presume to breake,  
Against superiors cares not what he speake.  
It is his humors recreation fittes,  
To beate Constables and resist all writtes,  
Swearing the ripest wits are childish young;  
Vnlesle they gaine instrunctions from his tongue.  
Theres nothing done amongst the very best,  
But hee'l deride it with some bitter iest,  
It's meate and drinke vnto him alwayes, when  
He may be censuring of other men.  
If a man do but toward a Tauerne looke,  
He is a drunkard, hee'l swarre on a Booke:

Or

# THEATRUM SATYRORVM

## SATYRS

Or if one part a fray of good intention,  
He is a quarreller and lones diffention.  
Those that with silence vaine discourses, breake  
Are proud fantasticks, that disdaine to speake:  
Such as speake soberly with wisdoms leasure,  
Are fooles that in affected speach take pleasure:  
If he heare any that reproneth vice,  
He sayes thers none but Hipocrites sonice.  
No honest woman that can passe along,  
But must endure some scandoll from his tongue:  
She dealeas crosse blowes, her husband never feeleas:  
This Gentlewoman, weareth capering heeles;  
There minces *Mall*, to see what youth will like her,  
Her eyes doe beare her witnesse shée's a striker.  
Yonders a wench, new-dipt in beauties blaze,  
She is a Maide as maides go now adaises.  
And thus *Contempt* makeſ choifest recreation,  
In holding euery one in detestation,  
His commongate is of the ietting fizer,  
He hath a payre of euer-staring eycs:  
And lookes a man so hungry in the face,  
As he would eat him vp, and nere say grace,  
A little low crownd Hat he alwaies weareas,  
And fore-horse-like therein a Feather beares.  
Goodly curl'd lockes; but surely tis great pittie,  
For want of kenning, they are beastly nitty,  
His doublet is a cut cast Satten one,  
He scornes to buy new now, that nere bought none  
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat,  
Kno.yne for a right tall trecher man by that.  
His Breeches that came to him by beſtending,  
Are desperate like himselfe, & quite past mending.

SATYRS.

He takes a common course to goe vntrust,  
Except his Shirt's a washing; then he must  
Goe woolward for the time : he scornes it hee,  
That worth two Shirts his Laundresse shuld him see  
The weapons that his humors doe afford,  
Is Bum-dagger, and basket hilted Sword.  
And these in every Bawdie house are drawne  
Twice in a day, vnlesse they be at pawne,  
If any fall together by the cares,  
To field cries he; why? zownes (to field) he swears;  
Shew your selues men: hey, slash it out with blôwes,  
Let one make to others guts garter his hose.  
Make Steele and Iron vmpiers to the Fray,  
You shall haue me goe with, to see faire play:  
Let me alone, for I will haue a care  
To see that one doe kill the other faire.  
This is *Contempt*, that's every ones disdainer,  
The strife pursuer, and the peace refrainer:  
*Hates* thunderbolt, damn'd *Murthers* larum-bell,  
A neere deare Kinsman to the Diuell of Hell;  
And he whom *Sathan* to this humor brings,  
Is th'only man for all detested things.

FINIS.

